

# FORT WRANGEL NEWS.

VOL. 1.

PORT WRANGEL, ALASKA, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1898.

NO. 10

## OFFICIAL DIRECTORY OF ALASKA.

FOLLOWING IS THE OFFICIAL DIRECTORY FOR THE DISTRICT OF ALASKA.

Governor—John G. Brady; private secretary, Mrs. Gertrude Knapp; U. S. Judges—C. S. Johnson; U. S. Attorney—Burton E. Bennett; Assistant District Attorney—Alfred J. Daly.

District Clerk—Albert D. Elliott; Deputy Clerk—Walton D. McNair; U. S. Marshal—J. M. Shoup; Surveyor General—W. L. Distin; Register—John W. Dudley; Receiver—Roswell Shelly; Court Interpreter—George Kostromoff.

Commissioners—C. W. Tuttle, Sitka; John Y. Ostrander, Juneau; K. M. Jackson, Fort Wrangel; L. R. Woodward, Unalaska; Phillip Gallagher, Kadiak; John U. Smith, Dyea; W. J. Jones, Circle City; Chas. H. Isham, Unga.

Deputy Marshals—W. A. McNair, Sitka; Edward S. Staley, Juneau; W. D. Grant, Fort Wrangel; J. McDonald, Douglas; Edward C. Hasey, Kadiak; Lewis L. Bowers, Unga; J. C. Blaine, Unalaska; H. J. McInnis, Skagway; John Cudlhee, Circle City;—, Snook, Dyea.

Deputy Internal Revenue Collector—W. C. Pedlar.

Educational Agent—Sheldon Jackson; Assistant Agent—William Hamilton; Supt. of Schools—W. A. Kelly.

## CUSTOMS OFFICERS.

Collector—J. W. Ivey; Special Deputy—W. P. McBride; Deputy and Inspector—Wm. Mihmore and C. L. Andrews.

Deputy Collectors—Joseph Arment, Fort Wrangel; E. M. Van Slyck, Mary Island; W. G. Thomas, Kadiak; G. W. Caton, Cook's Inlet; T. E. Holmes, Kadiak; J. F. Sinnot, Unga; J. P. Word, Unalaska; E. T. Hatch, St. Michaels; Chas. Smith, Circle City; John C. Tenney, Juneau.

Inspectors at Juneau—Loring K. Adams, Harry Minto and John R. Audlin.

Inspectors at Fort Wrangel—Edward Hofstet, S. L. Adams, Geo. J. Smith, E. L. Hunter, Wm. Denny.

Inspectors Afloat—J. S. Slater, S. F. Hodges, L. H. Lovejoy, Edgar Grim.

## BACK FROM DAWSON CITY.

### Too Many People There. Reduction in the Price of Provisions.

### FLOUR FOUR DOLLARS A SACK

The Farallon steamed into this port last Saturday morning with a number of passengers on board. Some were from the up Alaska ports and others from the interior. Among the latter was C. W. Cooper, of Caldwell, Idaho, who went in during the month of May, of the first of this month, the prosecuting member of the party that drove being a member of the party that drove the Starkie residence and demanded admission, which was refused, but Tim was persistent and Minnie relentless, and Tim with all his good looks and persuasive powers, was unable to secure the unbarring of the door. Tim was determined, but so was Minnie, and sometime near 6 o'clock Tim broke in the door—threats to that effect had been previously made—whereupon defendant Starkie, who had an axe in his hand, let fly at Tim's face, which landed square, and also laid Tim out for repairs. Of course some of the evidence that went to establish these facts was disputed, but from the final decision, the court must have found the facts to be as stated or the defendant would not have been discharged, which was the final ruling in the case.

Mr. Cooper stated that there were fully 25,000 people in and around Dawson, and that there was employment and a fair field for about one-fifth of that number. However, he said a good, keen, bright fellow could go there and make some money.

In reply to the question as to cattle and provisions at Dawson, Mr. Cooper said: "In and around Dawson there are now 3,000 head of beef cattle. I don't know what they are going to do with them. A number of boats have arrived from St. Michaels and provisions are of course down in price. Next winter I am certain that many things will be sold at Seattle rates. When I left flour was four dollars a sack; bacon 25 cents per pound; salt 10 cents, and other goods in proportion, which you will know is quite a cut from former prices."

"How did you find the Dawson trail?" was asked.

"The best trail for cattle. Plenty of grass, and you will say it must be pretty good when I tell you that out of the 1,000 head we took in over that trail, we only lost six head."

Of course this interview contains but few of the many interesting things Mr. Cooper told the News man, and with a promise to send him a copy of our paper, we bade him good bye.

### THE MAJESTIC STIKEEN.

The Discovery of a Quartz Vein on the American Side. Numerous Claims Staked Out.

A valuable vein of gold bearing quartz has been discovered up the Stikeen river, some fourteen miles from this place, and on the American side of the boundary line. The claims have all been taken and the owners believe they have some very valuable property. The man who first discovered the vein and who, of course, took his choice, was in the city last week and stated to a News man that he had had three assays made of the average ore and the value was placed at from eight to twenty dollars.

It has been the universal belief that there was some rich ore on the river, but little prospecting was done for the reason that miners seemed to be headed for the Klondike, and nothing short of it would satisfy them, but as the most valuable properties in the Yukon are taken, this part of the country is receiving more attention and the prospecting in a great many cases is being rewarded by the discovery of valuable gold bearing claims.

### The Women.

Quite a number of the leading ladies of the city met at the home of Mrs. Thwing on Thursday last and organized the Fort Wrangel Ladies Aid Society. Following is a list of officers: President, Mrs. Geo. H. Barnes; Vice President, Mrs. A. G. McBride; Second Vice President, Mrs. Clarence Thwing; Secretary, Mrs. Campbell; Treasurer, Mrs. W. G. Thomas. The object of this society is indicated by the name—Aid—and the work of the ladies will be along the line of social, spiritual and financial assistance to the church. The first specific object they have in view will be to raise funds for the much needed repairs to the sidewalk leading up to the church—and an enjoyable entertainment is promised the public in the near future, to raise money for this object. We already bespeak for them a liberal patronage.

### A Lively Law Suit.

### LAWYERS AND THE REVENUE LAW.

Verified Complaints and All Certified Papers

Must Be Stamped. A Ten Cent Stamp on

Each Paper.

The attorneys in this city have been somewhat disturbed for several days past on account of a lack of knowledge concerning the new revenue law and upon what class of papers a ten cent stamp must be placed to make it a valid instrument. The matter has been before the Departments at Washington, D. C. and we take pleasure in quoting Mr. W. R. Gay, U. S. District attorney for the state of Washington, upon the subject. Mr. Gay is a first-class lawyer and his opinion can be relied on and is as follows:

"On page 14 of the war revenue law it is provided that a 10 cent documentary stamp shall be applied to all certificates not otherwise mentioned in the act. This question raised controversy among the members of the bar of this state, whether the same applied to verifications of complaints, answers, replies and other court papers, filed in the Federal, state, county or municipal courts, and whether these papers should, in order to be legal, have this stamp.

"In an opinion rendered on about July 15 of this year, I held that such documents, in order to be legal, should be stamped. Several members of the bar disagreed with me, and as it was a question of considerable importance, I submitted it to the attorney general for an opinion. This morning I am in receipt of a reply from the solicitor of the treasury (of the attorney general's office) to the effect that the commissioner of Internal revenue has ruled, in which decision the department of justice concurs, that the revenue stamp must be applied to these papers.

"It therefore follows that all original papers should bear such a stamp in order to be legal, and the clerk of the courts mentioned should not receive and file the same unless the stamp is attached and cancelled as provided by law.

"There is another question of considerable moment, and that is, the law prescribes that deeds, mortgages, powers of attorneys, leases, etc., should bear certain stamps. Such instruments usually have a notary's acknowledgement attached. It will be interesting to the profession, and the public generally, to know that on July 15 the commissioner of internal revenue ruled that on such instruments there should, in addition to the documentary stamp, also be attached a ten cent stamp to the notary's certificate of acknowledgement.

"In the same opinion, however, he decided that the original certificate of the recording officer, certifying that the instrument was received and recorded on certain dates in certain books and the like, do not come within the law and does not require a stamp."

### Special Notice.

My beloved husband, Robert Anderson, bid his wife and children an affectionate goodbye, Aug. 6th, 1897, to be gone one day only, but did not return, and has not since been heard from.

He was an Englishman, 5 ft 8 in high, was fair with brown hair and eyes, rather slender, but had broad shoulders and was very straight.

Had red moustache (if any). Slight Roman nose. He is a Mason and an Odd Fellow.

He was a most affectionate husband and father; perfect harmony existing. I have exhausted every means to find him.

All preachers, public speakers and officers will please read this notice in all public places, and have this put in your town and county paper, asking other papers to please copy, and thereby oblige and help his broken hearted wife.

### Respy.

MARY F. ANDERSON.

ANNIS, TEXAS.

P. S. Any information in regard to him will be appreciated.

M. F. A.

There is now in course of construction across the gorge below Niagara falls a bridge that is to be supported by the largest steel arch in the world. Its span is 868 feet, and its rise in the center, from the level of the piers, 150 feet, making its greatest height above the surface of the river 192 feet. There is a similar bridge in France having a rise in the center twenty feet greater, but it has a span of only 543 feet. The next longest steel arch to that of Niagara belongs to a bridge at Oporto in Portugal, where the span is 506 feet.—Ex.

### NOTICE.

Citizens can have best barber work done at Barber Shop near Postoffice, in Court House lot.

The theory long entertained by experts that salmon return to the waters where they were hatched after a few years of life at sea has been recently proven true by the catching of several minus the adipose fin. Three years ago, in April, 1895, a large number of salmon hatched in October '94, were turned into the stream from the Clackamas hatchery and from many of them the adipose fin was cut off with a razor, for the purpose of identification when caught. More than a score of these fish thus cleanly marked have been caught in the Columbia within the last few weeks. They are fully matured, and the fact that they reach maturity and return to spawn and die is regarded as fully established.—Ex.

A very remarkable law suit has been brought in Stockton. On the Fourth of July a certain young man took his best girl to a picnic. There she accepted so many attentions from another young man that the first young man became enraged and went home, leaving the girl to get back to her own house as best she might. She hired a hack for which her father paid 75 cents, and then the old man sent the bill to the sulky suitor. He refused to pay and the old man sued him in a justice court, alleging that having taken the girl to the picnic it became his duty to see her safely home and at his own expense. Both sides have hired lawyers and the case will be fought to a finish.—Kansas City Journal.

### Wire and Nail Workers Strike.

CLEVELAND, Aug. 2.—A strike was formally declared today by the Federated Wire Trades at the works of the H. P. Nail Company and American Wire Company, both of which are now under the control of the recently formed wire and nail trust. The strike, when the rod mill and yard men of the company join it, will throw about 2,100 men out of employment. The cause of the strike is an alleged cut of 33½ per cent. in wages, and a threatened cut of 20 per cent. more.

### Church Calendar.

Sabbath School 2:30 p. m. Sunday M. Manson, Superintendent.

Christian Endeavor Society, prayer meeting 7 p. m. Sunday. L. H. Wakefield, President.

Song service 8 p. m. Sunday. Mrs. Thwing, Organist.

Prayer meeting 8 p. m. Friday. Rev. C. Thwing, Minister; A. T. Bennett, Elder. All are invited to these services. Seats Free.

Services for natives, Sunday, 11 a. m. and 4 p. m., and Wednesday at 4 p. m.

It is no more than fair to admit that many of the heroes of the present war hail from the Southern states. American bravery is a product that is not controlled by sectional lines nor limited to any political party.—Beloit (Kan.) Times.

### To H-1 With Spain.

The Boston ministers seem to be getting more and more sensational every year. A Boston paper published this announcement among its religious notices recently:

People's Temple, Columbus avenue and Berkeley street—Another glorious day. The pastor, Rev. James Boyd Brady, Ph. D., D. D., will preach at 10:30 a. m., on "Reasons for Resting in the Loving Arms of God," and at 7:30 p. m., on "To H-1 with Spain."

### Life in the Philippines.

On the whole, the Philippine natives find and take life easy. Their requirements are few. The sum of \$25 will provide a native household with a dwelling of its own and ample furniture. Under a genial climate; on a soil lavishly grateful for the slightest tending, by waters teeming with fish, they know naught of hunger, and have much time left for amusements—such as dancing and public rejoicings on the smallest occasion, music, for which they have a natural talent, so that there is scarcely a commune without a fairly trained brass band—and gambling! Cock fighting is the national sport, and no mean source of revenue to the authorities. Almost every native owns a fighting fowl, which is as dear to him as her lap dog to a European lady. Thus the native is an intermittent rather than a steady worker, and his delight in feasts and holy days, and his content, which passes him off as rich in his own mind with \$10 in his purse, make him as a laborer, docile as he is willing to please, a source of frequent annoyance to his employers.

## WEBSTER BROWN

## CIVIL & MINING ENGINEER

U. S. Deputy and U. S. Deputy Mineral

## SURVEYORS

OFFICE: Op. Stikeen Hotel Fort Wrangel.

## WRANGEL ICE CO.

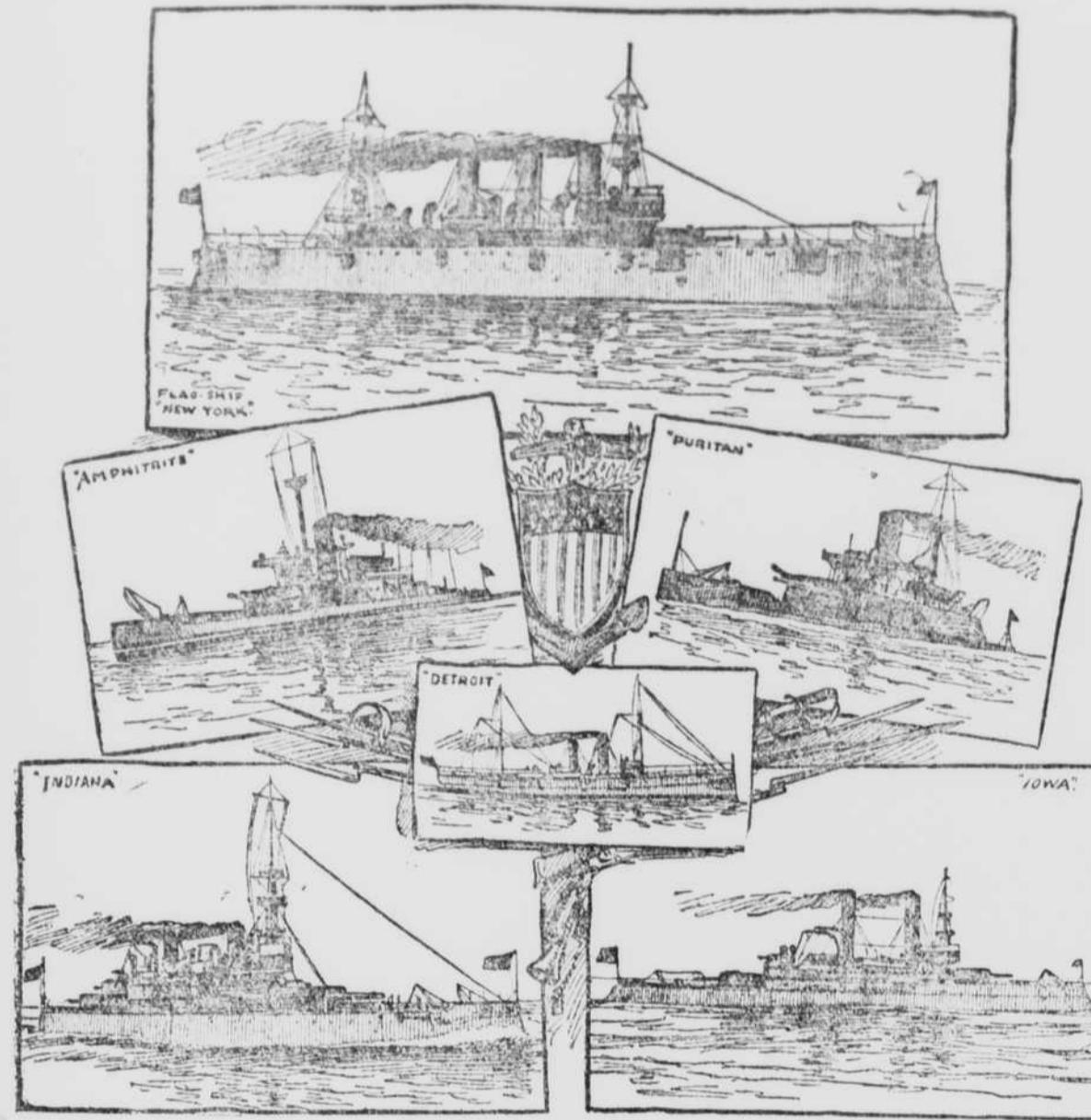
DEALERS IN

ICE

649 FRONT ST.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA

## ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FORMIDABLE FLEET.



### A FIGHTING COMMANDER.

Dewey, the Hero of Manila, Has Been Hard Service.

In his sixty-one years of life Admiral George Dewey, the hero of Manila, has seen a great deal of red hot fighting. He was born among the green hills of Vermont and received his appointment to the Naval Academy at the age of 17. When he graduated in 1853 he went with the steam frigate Wabash on a cruise in Mediterranean waters. When Fort Sumter was fired upon Dewey was promoted from ensign to Lieutenant and assigned to the steam sloop Mississippi, which was to take part in the fierce fighting of the West Gulf squadron. The Mississippi was a side wheeler of seventeen guns, and was commanded by Commander Melanchthon Smith. The West Gulf squadron went at once to the Mississippi River to force its way up. The "History of Our Navy" thus describes the

ever was in was the one that ended it. The fleet was trying to run by Port Hudson with its powerful batteries. None of the squadron got by. The Mississippi ran aground in the fog and smoke and stuck hard and fast. In thirty minutes she was shot full of holes. Her crew climbed into boats on the side opposite the forts, and, after setting her on fire, made for the other side of the river under a withering rifle fire. Upon this occasion Lieutenant Dewey stuck to his guns until the last and he did not quit the ship until all others had left. Admiral Porter singled him out for special praise.

In July, 1863, Dewey was on the gunboats that engaged the Confederates below Donaldsonville. In 1864 he was attached to the North Atlantic blockading squadron assigned to the steam gunboat Agawam. The Agawam was one of the great crescent of warships, big and little, that plumped shot into Port Fisher in December, 1864, and

1865, he was promoted to be a captain and placed in command of the Dolphin, then brand new, and one of the four vessels to which the name "white squadron" was first given. From 1865 to 1888 he was the commander of the Pensacola, the flagship of the European squadron. In 1888 his energy and ability to complete matters of detail was recognized by making his chief of the bureau of equipment and recruiting, which carried with it the rank of commodore.

In May, 1888, he took another turn on duty as a member of the Lighthouse Board. He was made an acting commodore on Feb. 26, 1889, and was at about that time put at the head of the important Board of Inspection and Survey. He was transferred to the command of the Asiatic squadron Jan. 1, 1888.

### THE ORIGIN OF PORCELAIN.

Invented by the Chinese. Perfected by Japanese. Named by Portuguese.

Frank H. Vizetelly, in "A Chat About China" in the Woman's Home Companion, writes interestingly of the introduction of the porcelain into Europe.

"The word porcelain, as applied to China pottery, originated in Japan during the thirteenth century. The Chinese, the pioneers in the art of porcelain manufacture, began to make it nearly two centuries before the Christian era, and so careful were they to guard the secret of the art that nearly thirteen centuries lapsed before their neighbors, the Japanese, got any inkling of it. But once in their possession, the wily Japanese lost no time to profit by their knowledge. The few intrepid navigators of those days brought samples of both Chinese and Japanese ware to Europe, but not until early in the sixteenth century did a trade in it of any extent take place. Among the early importers were Portuguese traders who had settled on the Japanese coast, and to them, it is claimed, we owe the word porcelain, derived from the Portuguese *porecelana*, or sucking pig. When the Portuguese traders first saw pieces of Japanese ware they were struck with its translucence, which somewhat resembled that of the cowry shell. The cowry shell, in turn, resembled in shape a small sucking pig, or porcellana; hence our 'porcelain.'"

### Transplanting Wild Flowers.

In digging the wild flowers, especially those having bulbous roots, be careful to go deep enough to get all of the roots. Leave as much soil clinging to the roots as possible, and after wrapping them in damp moss or grass, roll the plants up in paper to exclude the air. Gather a basketful of leaf-mold from under the trees where no grass grows, the first inch on the ground being the best, and use this freely in making up the bed for the reception of the wild flowers. After planting them in their new quarters water liberally and shade from the sun for a week or more. A rather shaded location should always be selected.—Woman's Home Companion.

Railway pools may be prohibited by law, but the stock will continue to be watered just the same.

No dress is immodest unless the wearer is.



ACTING ADMIRAL DEWEY.

sort of things the men on the Mississippi experienced when they preceded Farragut up past New Orleans:

"The Pensacola and the Mississippi steamed slowly, with their black hulls at regular intervals sheeting the air with lurid fire as they replied to the forts. Abreast of St. Philip, where the Confederate fire was hottest, they drew in so close that the gunners afloat and those ashore heartily cursed each other as they worked."

The Mississippi was with the squadron again when it ran down past New Orleans on the way back, fair targets for nineteen big guns at close range. The hardest fight that the Mississippi

January, 1885, Dewey received his commission as lieutenant commander on March 3, 1885, and served for two years on the European squadron, first on the steamer Kearsarge and then on the frigate Colorado, the flagship. In 1888 he was assigned to duty at the Naval Academy. In 1870 he received his first command, that of the Narragansett, which was employed on special service until 1875.

The Pacific survey of 1872-73 was intrusted to him. After two years as lighthouse inspector and five as secretary of the Lighthouse Board he was put in command of the Juniper on the Asiatic squadron in 1882. In September

### POINTS ON OUR GUNS.

Lee-Metford Rifle the Smallest on Board a Man-of-War.

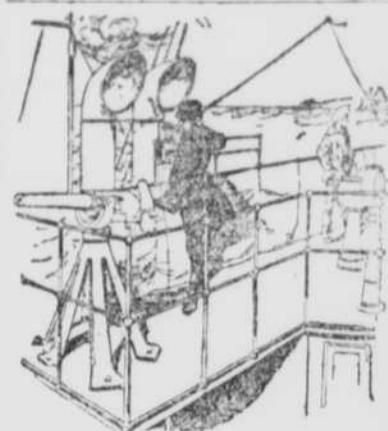
Just now much is heard of the rapid fire guns. The smallest gun aboard a warship is the Lee-Metford rifle, with which the crew is armed, and it has a caliber of .230 of an inch. One of the Lee rifle bullets will drive its way through two and a half feet of oak, about three feet from the gun's muzzle. A Lee rifle bullet will make a clean-cut hole in a man, and tests on a cadaver have shown that it will pass through a bone without shattering or splintering it, so it will not necessarily kill a man unless it penetrates a vital part.

The ammunition for the one, three and six-pounders is all in one cartridge, which looks like a gigantic revolver cartridge. But the missiles sent out by these guns are explosive; they burst when they strike. The cartridge consists of the shell, in which the powder, each grain about three-quarters of an inch long, as thick as a good-sized lead pencil, with channels running lengthwise, is stored. The shell is almost entirely filled with this powder, which is packed with a wadding of excelsior.

The armor-piercing projectiles are highly tempered steel. When the gun is fired the projectile is hurled from the powder shell. In the flat end of the projectile is the detonating apparatus. This consists of a plunger, which is held away from the percussion cap by a piece of wire until the violent wrench consequent on the projectile's leaving the powder shell breaks it. This leaves the plunger free to move backward on the recoil when the projectile strikes.

The one, three and six-pounder guns are well named "rapid firing," for when handled by expert gunners they discharge 100 rounds a minute. After the one, three and six-pounders come the three, four, five and six-inch guns, all classed as rapid firing, for the powder and projectile are contained in one cartridge. Guns larger than six inches

The kite used was an ordinary one that differed but slightly from those used by American boys in the spring and fall, except that it had no tail. The kite was six feet long and three wide at its broadest part. Two lines were attached to the kite where the tail would ordinarily have been. One of these lines was retained on board of the Dar-



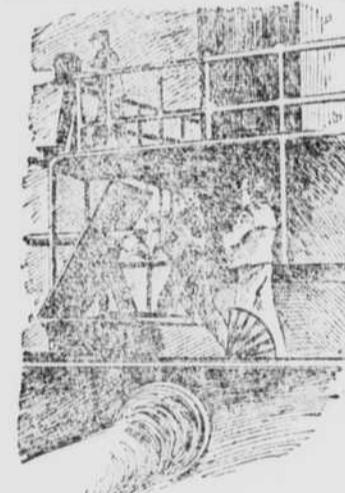
TELEPHONING FROM SHIP TO SHIP.

ing, the torpedo boat destroyer under Commander Tupper's command, from which the experiments were conducted. It was found that with the wind between the two lines it was easy to drop letters or even a hawser on another ship, and in this way to establish communication. When this experiment had proved successful Commander Tupper made use of a wire. The end of the wire which the kite bore away from the ship was dropped upon the deck of H. M. S. Dauntless, where it was secured by the electrician of the ship and attached to a telephone apparatus in waiting. The other end, which had remained aboard the Darting, was also attached to a telephone, and as soon as the task had been completed the communication between the two ships was perfect. Secured by the two lines, the kite remained suspended for four hours, during which time communication between the two ships was uninterrupted. Commander Tupper has made a report of his experiments with the kite telephone and declares that it means that the present method of signaling with flags will become obsolete. If telephone wires can be employed, he sees no reason why telegraphic communication should not be made in a similar manner, and the ships of a fleet be placed in communication with each other.

### DAUGHTER OF A DEMOCRAT.

The Wife of Judge Day, the New Secretary of State.

Mrs. Day, who formed a life partnership with the new Secretary of State about twenty-three years ago, is the sole surviving child of the late Louis Schneider, long a prominent figure in Ohio. She is a woman of exceeding loveliness of character. Since her marriage she has lived no life outside of the lives of her husband and children. So intense has been her devotion to him and them that she has taken no leading part in the social development of Canton, although fitted by every grace of mind and heart to adorn it. She is a reader, omnivorous and dis-



FIRING BY SEARCHLIGHT.

are in the slow-firing class, for the powder and projectile are separate from each other, and the weight of the breech mechanism operates against impeded in loading.

It is easy to figure out the dimensions of guns and the weights of charges by remembering that the length of the rifle of a big gun is thirty times the caliber or diameter of the bore. The projectile is three times as long as its diameter. The charge of powder weighs nearly one-half as much as the projectile, and the weight of a projectile is found by cubing its diameter in inches and dividing the result by two—this will give the pounds of weight. Thus a projectile for a four-inch gun will weigh 4x4x4, divided by 2, or 32 pounds. One-half that is sixteen pounds, the weight of the charge of powder. The diameter of the projectile is four inches, so its length is three times that, or 12 inches, and the barrel of the gun is thirty times four inches, or ten feet.

When a four-inch gun is fired the expanding gas generated exerts a pressure of 30,000 pounds or fifteen tons to the square inch, and the armor-piercing projectile can go through seven inches of "high carbon" steel. The gun weighs about 3,400 pounds, and it can be fired twenty times a minute. It has a range of about four miles, and the projectile travels twice as fast as sound travels. At the gun's muzzle the projectile energy is 915 foot-tons; that is, it has enough force back of it to lift 915 tons one foot in one second.

The one, three and six-pounders generally are mounted in elevated parts of the ship and in the military masts so that they can be used to clear the enemy's decks. Just as the archers of years ago were wont to try for every opening and crack in the armor of a knight, so the gunners of the small rapid-firing guns are expected to send their deadly shells inside the turrets and gun ports of the enemy's ship.

### TELEPHONING AT SEA.

How Commanders Communicate by Wire from Ship to Ship.

Telephones may supersede the old system of flag signals as a means of communication between ships at sea. Successful experiments have been made by Commander R. G. O. Tupper of the British navy which seem to prove that the system is adapted for the purpose. Commander Tupper used a kite in his experiments, and this seems to be the only feasible means.

cerning. Fiction, history, travel, biography, sociological essays, are all devoured with equal avidity and assimilated with equal certainty. She is an accomplished musician and possesses many other accomplishments to make home the best place in the world for her home people. She is not a woman's rights woman, and has never gone in for the new woman fad, holding that the place of her sex is under the family roof tree and by the family hearth. Secretary and Mrs. Day have four children, all boys and all much given to athletics.

Mrs. Day's father was a lawyer, a wit, a raconteur, a bon vivant and a public-spirited citizen. He enjoyed an enormous law practice and died a wealthy man. It was related of him here that he did more to build up Canton than any one man who ever lived in it. He was a Democrat of the Democrats.

### Sews On His Own Buttons.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Temple, is said to be unexcelled in the Church of England as a button sewer and stocking darner. His successor in the See of London, Bishop Creighton, makes it his boast that he sews on his own ecclesiastical buttons and once dexterously mended a lady's glove.

After a man has made his pile he believes in himself instead of luck.

## What You Get

When You Buy Medicine is a Matter of Great Importance.

Do you get the medicine that has cured thousands of others who were afflicted like you? Do you buy Hood's Sarsaparilla, and only Hood's? If you do, you may take it for scrofula, salt rheum, dyspepsia, loss of appetite, rheumatism, catarrh, with the utmost confidence it will do you good.

### Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. H. six for 65.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

Earliest Known Cubans.

These facts are from an old Scotch paper published in 1848:

The inhabitants of the larger islands of the West Indies, St. Domingo, Cuba and Porto Rico were indolent but mild in disposition, fond of dancing and other games, governed by kings called caciques. They had an established priesthood, believed in the existence of a deity and a future state of rewards and punishments. These simple people showed great kindness to Columbus and his companions while visiting their islands, and observing the Spaniards' love for gold gave them all they possessed.

A remarkable speech has been preserved which an old man, a native of Cuba addressed to Columbus when presenting him with a basket of fruit. The speech shows the quiet disposition of the people and their profound veneration for their white visitors."

## The Klondyke

baking powder is Schilling's Best baking powder. It keeps and does its work everywhere.

Forestalling Things.

Amateur Actor—But, dear boy, do you think the villain's part suited to me? The manager—Capitally! It won't matter when you're hissed.—New York Evening Journal.

**FITS** Permanently Cured. No other nerves are after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for **FREE \$1.00** trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. E. KLINE, L.L.C., 1820 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

**JOHN POOLE** IS CONSTANTLY REPAIRING large numbers of damaged stockings, stockings. These are superior to any ever put upon the market. Before buying a stocking, call and examine, or write for catalogue. Address 100 Morrison street, Portland, Oregon.

The hydra fusca, a sort of polypus, may be turned inside out like a glove, and will continue to live and eat as heartily as ever.

"A Perfect Type of the Highest Order of Excellence in Manufacture."

## Walter Baker & Co.'s

### Breakfast

### Cocoa

Absolutely Pure, Delicious, Nutritious.

Costs Less Than ONE CENT a Cup...

Be sure that you get the Genuine Article, made at DORCHESTER, MASS., by

WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.

Established 1780.

**Good Health**  
Is the working capital of life. If the body loses that is wreaked indeed. If your health failing you, your ambition, vigor, vitality away? When others fail consult

DOCTOR

RATCLIFFE,

For the speedy, safe and permanent cure of all Nervous, Chronic and Special Diseases, even in their most aggravated forms. There is no man in the world who has effected so many permanent cures in both Men and Women of troubles which other physicians of acknowledged ability had given up as hopeless. His entire specialty.

**NERVOUS DISEASES**—all attending ailments of YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED and OLD MEN. The usual effects of neglected or improperly treated cases, causing drama, weakness of body and brain, dizziness, failing memory, lack of energy and confidence, pains in back, joints and kidneys, or any other distressing malady, including one for singular taste, or enjoyment of life. Dr. Ratcliffe can cure you, no matter who or what has failed.

**WEAK MEN.** He restores lost vigor and vitality to weak men. Organs of the body which have been weakened through disease, overwork, etc., are restored to full power, strength and vigor through his own successful system of treatment.

**VARICOCELE**, hydrocele, swelling and tenderness of the glandularized, swelling success.

**SPECIAL DISEASES.** Inflammation, discharge, etc., which, if neglected or improperly treated, break down the system, cause kidney and bladder diseases, etc.

**DISEASES OF WOMEN.** Prompt and especial attention given to all their many ailments.

**WRITE.** If you are aware of any trouble, DO NOT DELAY. Call on Dr. Ratcliffe today. If you cannot call, write him, and he will look free to you. OFFICES—CONSULTATION FREE and confidential at office or by letter.

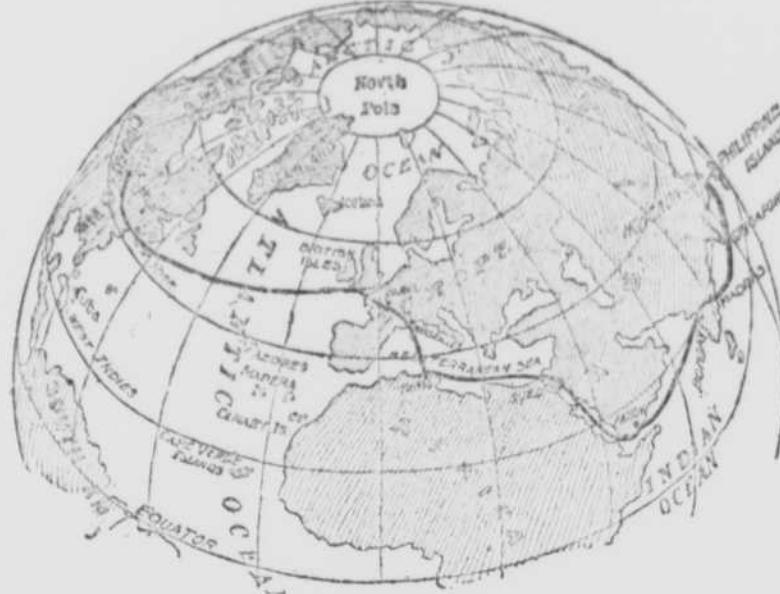
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**PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION**

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

CABLE ROUTE FROM HONGKONG TO CHICAGO.



The map shows how a cablegram travels from Hong Kong to Chicago. Dispatches giving news of Rear Admiral Dewey's movements and victory had to run through over 15,000 miles of cable and telegraph lines before reaching Chicago, as shown by the heavy line on the map.

### SPAIN'S ROYAL FAMILY.

The Queen Regent's Life Has Been a Most Serious One.

The Archduchess Christina, Queen Regent of Spain, is an Austrian and was married to the late King Alphonso XII. in 1870. She has three brothers and two half-sisters, the daughters of her mother by her first marriage. These sisters are the nearest descendants of the Stuart kings of England, and the elder, who is married to Prince Ludwig of Bavaria, the heir to that kingdom, is styled by her Jacobite adherents Queen Mary III. of England. The younger sister married the late Prince John de Bourbon of Spain, and is the mother of Don Carlos, Duke of Madrid, the Carlist pretender to the throne of Spain. It was with the hope of effecting a reconciliation between the royal house of Spain and the Carlist faction that the Archduchess married to King Alphonso XII. The hope was never realized.

The young Archduchess had by no

born, and on the same day he was proclaimed King under the regency of his mother. Though devoted to all her children, the Queen Regent is especially fond of the Little King, Alfonso. The Queen is most judicious in the way in which she brings up her children, and even the King is subjected to strict discipline during his times of study. She is an excellent linguist, and makes a plan of talking to her children in various languages, so that they may become accustomed to all. Like so many other royal children, the King and his sisters have been partly educated by English governesses, and they all speak English very well, with an excellent accent. German also is almost as familiar to them as Spanish, as it is to their mother's tongue.

Queen Christina leads a very busy, anxious life, and is one of the hardest workers in Europe. The Queen does not often relax from her usual regal demeanor, but when she does she is perfectly charming, with a keen sense of humor and an almost girlish delight in



THE QUEEN REGENT OF SPAIN AND ALFONSO XIII.

means an easy life before her when she accepted the hand of King Alphonso, a man whose heart was in the grave of his first wife, and whose health was already showing signs of the illness which ended his life at so early a date.

The Queen, however, young as she was, quite understood her difficult position, and from the first week of her married life showed herself capable of fulfilling her duties, and also showed that she possessed the rarest of all gifts—exquisite tact. Ten months after her marriage her eldest daughter, the Infanta Marla da las Mercedes, Princess of Austria, was born at Madrid, on Sept. 11, 1880, and a little more than two years later the Infanta Marla Theresa was born, on Nov. 12, 1882.

King Alphonso XII., who had always been far from strong, died on Nov. 25, 1885, just three days after he had completed his twenty-eighth year. He had reigned eleven years, a period of peace and comparative prosperity for the Spanish nation; but the success of his government was mainly due to the wise administration of Canovas del Castillo, his minister, who was assassinated last year.

May 17, 1886, the present King was

### PEN POINTS.

The odes of some poets are rather odious.

The wedding tour is often the calm before the storm.

People who have advice to give are never stings with it.

Popular songs are often so popular that they become unpopular.

When it comes to jealousy and crowing a man is superior to a rooster.

A war artist is always successful, even though his battles are drawn.

A jolly good fellow is hardly ever classed synonymously with a first-class financier.

When man boasts of having money to burn he will soon have ashes to throw away.

A bachelor as a rule is the acme of selfishness, and happy is the woman that fails to get him.

Every man intends to have his own way after marriage, but sometimes his wife relieves him of a false impression.—Chicago News.

### PUBLIC CLOCKS.

Few great cities of America are adequately provided with clocks of such a size and so prominent location as to indicate the time over wide metropolitan districts, but it is high time to check them and bladder complaisance manifested to the injury of the organ affected. H. H. Allen's Bitters remedies this as it does dyspepsia, rheumatism, constipation, biliousness and nervousness.

### Solved.

"Has your wife ever threatened to leave you and go back to her mother?" "No." "Ah! Then she is master of the house."

### TRY ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous, and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Ten thousand testimonies of cures. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, New York.

The elephant does not smell with his trunk. His olfactory nerves are contained in a single nostril, which is in the roof of the mouth, near the front.

### MRS. ELLA McGARVY.

Writing to Mrs. Pinkham,

Says—I have been using your Vegetable Compound and find that it does all that it is recommended to do. I have been a sufferer for the last four years with womb trouble, weak back and excrations. I was hardly able to do my household duties, and while at work was so nervous that I was miserable. I had also given up in despair, when I was persuaded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and to day, I am feeling like a new woman.—Mrs. ELLA McGARVY, Neebe Road Station, Cincinnati, O.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills work in union with the Compound, and are a sure cure for constipation and sick-headache. Mrs. Pinkham's Sanative Wash is frequently found of great value for local application. Correspondence is freely solicited by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., and the strictest confidence assured. All druggists sell the Pinkham's remedies. The Vegetable Compound in three forms—Liquid, Pills, and Lozenge.



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PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPERS. PULLMAN TOURIST SLEEPERS. FREE RECLINING CHAIR CARS.

Portland to Chicago Without Change

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CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

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WILL & PINCK CO. SPRING EYE CRAIN BAG NEEDLES.

Plain or with Cutters. The best needle in the market. Used by all sick-savers. For sale by all general merchandise stores, or by

WILL & PINCK CO., 20 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

### YOUR LIVER

Is it Wrong? Get it Right.

Keep it Right.

Moore's Revealed Remedy will do. Three doses will make you feel better. Get it from your druggist or any wholesale drug house, or from Stewart & Holmes Drug Co., Seattle.

WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

N. P. N. C. No. 23, '98.

MEIER & FRANK CO.

### ..Great Removal Sale..

### A Half-Million Dollar Stock to Be Closed Out.

Work will soon be completed on our new five-story building we are to occupy, and as we intend to place only new goods upon its shelves our present immense stock must be promptly disposed of.

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To such an extent that it is to the interests of everyone to buy now. All mail orders filled at Removal Sale Prices.

### MEIER & FRANK CO.

PORLAND, OREGON.

## FORT WRANGEL NEWS

## THE PICNIC

A. G. McBRIDET. CHAS. A. HOPP  
Editor and Publishers.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY

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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1898.

### NOT IN IT.

We are out of politics up here in Alaska. We don't lay awake at night studying the political chart or meet in solemn conclave on Sunday to map out a week's work. The Alaska editor's life is beautiful beyond description. So quiet, so soothed. We read the Seattle Review and Republican, both full of politics. One says one thing and the other denies it, and so the fight goes on and we are led to exclaim in the words of Solomon, "Oh where can truth be found?" We turn to our Alaska exchanges, where peace and harmony prevail, and where there is but one great contention—the rivalry between the cities of the district. The Alaska exchanges don't exchange very often, thanks to Uncle Sam's picturesque mail service, so that there are indeed few cues upon the Alaska editor's mind. We deeply sympathize with the editors in the states. Poor fellows! hurrying, scurrying through life, worrying over this or that, with not a moment's time for pleasure, or to give thought or reflection concerning the great Beyond. Brethren, you who have never tried it don't know the comfort, peace and pleasure there is in the Alaska editor's life. Politics may have their charms for you, but for us we prefer the publishing of the only religious paper in Alaska, where we can tell the truth and lay up treasures "where moth doth not corrupt."

### WHAT ABOUT CUBA?

The freeing of Cuba and forever obliterating Spanish rule in the West Indies will be a work that will cause the angels in heaven to rejoice. A greater and nobler work will never have been accomplished by a Christian nation. When this grand work shall have been completed, new obstacles will arise which will be expensive, trying and annoying, among which is the establishment of a stable government, with the material which the Cuban island can supply. The Cubans are several steps from being fully civilized. Their manner of warfare furnishes proof of the statement, and the United States can not conscientiously turn the government of the Island over to them at the present time. The men who so vigorously opposed recognition were right—its supporters were wrong. For the present, we are morally bound not to annex the island. It is entitled to self-government, if it can be had, but sooner or later Cuba will furnish one more star to the flag that made her free.

### POLITICS IN WASHINGTON.

Politics in the state of Washington are getting to a white heat. Judge Humes is out for the senatorship, to succeed John L. Wilson, which will kick up quite a rumpus in the republican ranks. The democrats and pops are trying to unite, and the middle-of-the-roads will oppose fusion, which will cause a division in the opposition. The son of a prophet will be unable to guess within a mile of what the result will be. There is just one man whose political scalp is safe in that state—that of the great and gallant hero, Col. James Hamilton Lewis.

### AS HE REALLY IS.

"The place to take the true measure of a man is not the market place or the amen corner, not the forum or the field, but his own fireside. I care not what the world says of him—whether it crown him with bays or pelt him with eggs; I care never a copper what his reputation or religion may be; if his babies dread his home coming, and his better half swallows her heart every time she has to ask him for a five dollar bill, he's a fraud of the first water, even though he prays night and morn till he's black in the face and howls till he shakes the eternal hills."—Brann.

### A PROPHESY.

The Seattle Review reports a genuine thunder storm to the east of that city a week ago last Sunday. Well, if you newspaper men—democrats, populists and republicans, don't quit your political lying, you will report thunder and lightning much nearer home, before the campaign is over.

### A General Turn Out and a Most Pleasant Time.

Sunday school work in Fort Wrangell has been of such a mild and ineffective nature for some time past, that it was hardly known that that branch of the Christian's work was even alive in Fort Wrangell. It seems that the church members became disgusted with their own efforts and proceeded to devise ways and means to bring the Sunday school up to the proper standard. One of the steps taken in the way of improvement was the selection of Mr. Manson as superintendent, who as a leader in such work, has few if any superiors, if our judgment is to be taken on the subject. At last Sunday's meeting Mr. Manson announced that a regular old fashioned Sunday school picnic would be given on the following Tuesday at Capt. McBrierty's town site around the point from North Front street. It however was misnamed, for it was not of the old fashioned variety, but better, and by far surpassed anything in the picnic line that we ever read or heard of.

If Fort Wrangell is well supplied with any one thing it is small row boats, and between ten and eleven o'clock the Sunday school scholars, parents and others were conveyed to the grounds from all parts of the water front, upon which the city is built. A few of our people were not there, but they were few indeed.

About twelve o'clock the tables were spread with a repast that would have paralyzed the steward of the Topeka, if he had seen it. The table or tables must have been about seventy feet long and were loaded down with everything good to eat. Did they eat? Well we should say they did. The preacher and the layman, the merchant and the official, the butcher and the baker, and nearly every boy and girl in the town ate, some at the tables, others on rocks or standing, and none went away dissatisfied.

At half-past two o'clock, after the eating act had been accomplished in a most satisfactory manner, a literary program was given by the children under the supervision of Miss Ada Sparhawk, which was as follows:

1 Song Bertha Probsby  
2 Recitation May McBride  
3 Recitation May Sunmacher  
4 Recitation Freddy Whitney  
5 Recitation Hazel Whitney  
6 "Twilight at Fort Wrangell," by Miss Sparhawk

7 Recitation Jessie West  
8 Recitation May McBride  
9 Recitation Bertha Probsby  
10 Recitation Miss Bertha Hunt  
11 Recitation Jennie Lamouraux  
12 Recitation May Sunmacher

But this did not end the amusements by any means. The crowd then went back from the beach to a grassy plot where the games took place. A sack race furnished plenty of fun. A little girls race amused everybody. "The jolly miller," in which only grown persons participated, was a great hit for the people. The tug of war by the boys, two trials, was immense and was the best of all. The way those boys did pull on that rope was a subject of admiration, and as funny as it could be. The winners were: Ned Barnes, Frank West, Dale Hunt, Donald McLaine, Clyde Cagle. The boys defeated were: Bill Heidinger, Homer Leget, Mike Lynch, Walter West and Clinton Goodwin.

But this wasn't all. Many were out boating on the bay, and the water was as smooth as glass. Blueberries are very plentiful on the island, and not a few made trips out after them. Some that wanted to swing, could find two in a nice shady place only a few steps from the picnic grounds. In fact those that wanted a nice outing, a real nice, pleasant time out of town, had it.

It was getting along towards time for returning, and what a happy surprise was to precede the break up. The men, women and children were turned loose on a great big freezer full of ice cream, which was served with cake. The day had been warm, and the cream supplied a want that even the fine tea, coffee and lemonade could not fill.

About 6 o'clock the attendants commenced returning home in the boats that took them there. Many were slow in starting, and it was after 9 o'clock when the last boat load arrived in the city. Such universal expressions of

praise concerning any gathering we never heard, as those extended to the picnic of yesterday. Mr. Manson has reason to feel proud over his successful effort of entertaining the children and others of Fort Wrangell, and that he will make the Sunday school one of the best in Alaska, will not be doubted.

### QUIETLY TOLD THE EDITOR.

Dr. Campbell's appetite is a daisy. Miss Sparhawk's original poem was very good and received merited applause.

If Judge Sundmacher went away hungry, his actions at the table were very deceiving.

Mr. Duncan McKinnon honored the picnic with his presence for a short time.

The Doctor confidentially told the writer that Mrs. Thwing ate only the cake she had made.

The West Bros. were both there and enjoyed the picnic as much as any one.

That Rev. Mr. Pickles, of Tacoma, was a most welcome guest.

That Bro. Stark is entitled to the thanks of everybody for the hard work he did in making the gathering such a pleasant affair.

That Henry Drum over ate.

That merchants Wilson and Bloomhardt enjoyed the picnic.

That Mr. Williams was hard to fill up because he was standing when he ate dinner.

That genial Mr. Hay will never miss a picnic in Fort Wrangell.

That McKinnon's popular clerk, Donald Sinclair, missed lots of fun by not staying till evening.

That Bro. Cagle won't be hungry for three days.

### A NEW POSTAL LAW.

A new order from the postal department went into effect July 1st that is of interest to every patron of the mails. It is that full postage must be prepaid on all 2d, 3d and 4th class matter. Sealed letters, the law remains unchanged. If a 2 cent stamp is placed on a letter it is sent to its destination without delay, and the deficiency, if any, must be paid by the person receiving it. Heretofore mail matter of the 2d, 3d and 4th classes, if deposited without sufficient postage, was sent to its destination and the party receiving it had to pay the deficiency. Under the new rule it can not be sent until fully prepaid. If a package not fully prepaid is deposited in the postoffice and the postmaster does not know who placed it there, he must hold it until he can send to the person addressed on the package and receive from him the necessary postage before sending it. If the person addressed fails to send the postage the package cannot be sent. And further, 2d, 3d and 4th class matter cannot be forwarded without paying another full postage, same as if mailing anew. Under this new order persons should be very careful to see that papers, books, merchandise etc., have full postage paid on them where mailed. The object of this rule is economy. Its result will be to increase losses by mail, and distress proportionately the patrons of the postoffice. Nevertheless, it is proper to remember that the classes of mail matter affected are those which cause the deficit in the department's annual report. It is the abuse of the privileges granted to second-class matter especially that makes the department run behind, and a reduction in the cost of handling that class of mailable matter may be worth buying at the cost of some inconvenience.—Gaylord (Kan) Herald.

Three months after being thoroughly whipped, Spain is asking for peace.

If President McKinley turns the Philippines back to Spain, or agrees to do so under any conditions, he will find it the greatest mistake of a hitherto untarnished record.

### ANOTHER STRIKE.

Nelson Smith and some other parties have recently discovered a good gold quartz vein in the main land opposite the Cannery, near Mill lake. The ore assays between four and five dollars in gold, and it is a free milling proposition. The owners are at work on the claim and intend to develop it as speedily as possible.

### The Boys in Blue.

We have never before resided in a place where Uncle Sam's boys in blue were stationed, and know but little concerning the lives and habits of the soldiers of the regular army, but we do know that there never can be a brighter, nicer and more orderly set of fellows collected together than those of Co. H. now stationed in Fort Wrangell.

### Must Have It for Sunday.

Capt. Gray, of the Casca, the most popular commander in the city, could not stand it any longer and therefore ordered the News delivered to him hereafter. It will no doubt do the Captain good—the tendencies of a high-toned, moral and religious paper are in that direction. We sincerely hope the News will supply that long felt want for which Capt. Gray has been pining.

## WILLSON & SYLVESTER, WRANGEL....

MANUFACTURERS OF

Yellow Cedar, Red Cedar and Spruce Lumber, Flooring,

Ceiling, Rustic, Shiplap, Etc.

Shingles, Doors, Windows. FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA

ESTABLISHED IN 1896.

## Fort Wrangel Brewery

BRUNO GREIF, Proprietor.

The New Brewery Building is so far completed that it has been occupied and used for some time past.

—WITH A—

## FINE, LARGE BREWERY

—AND—

### And the Latest Improved Machinery

Comes an increase of product and consequently at a reduced cost of manufacture. My customers shall share this saving with me, and I make the following reductions:

Keg Beer per Gallon, 40 cents.  
Best Beer, per Dozen Bottles, \$1.50.

The new hall has been completed west of the Brewery in first-class style and is now occupied.

### FIRST CLASS LODGING HOUSE

The finest lunch counter in the city which is always well provided with the very best of everything.

Refreshments the Very Best. • Patronize a Home Industry.

## THE CASSIAR....

In front of McKinnon's Wharf—

## The Gentleman's Resort

LARGE ROOM, TABLES AND CHAIRS  
IN ABUNDANCE. ♀ ♀ ♀

FINE POOL TABLE

### The Choicest Refreshments in the City

DON'T FORGET THE CASSIAR

Remember the....

## Eureka Brewing Co.

432 FRONT STREET.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

A nice cool place to spend an afternoon or evening.

Best and Coolest Refreshments in the City

GIVE US A CALL.

## FIFE-ALASKA CO.

224 and 625 Front St.

Dealer in

## General Merchandise

• • •

READ THE

...NEWS...

AND GET THE

...NEWS..

• • •



## CASE & WILSON

Have on exhibition in their show window a very handsome and unique center table. It is made from black walnut, taken from the "Aeon," wrecked a number of years ago near Loring, and Alaska yellow cedar. It was made by one of the natives of Sitka and is valued at \$600. In the same window is a sealed glass jar filled with beans. For every dollar purchase you make in the store you will be entitled to a guess and the person guessing nearest to the number of beans in the jar will be presented with the table. The jar was filled and sealed in the presence of three of Wrangel's most prominent citizens and on September 1st, 1888, will be opened and the beans counted by the same committee.

The economy of buying at Case & Wilson's is so evident that it will draw you there with the force of a magnet. Their business is steadily increasing, and the reason is simply because they give good, honest values at right prices.

### THE LOCAL FIELD.

Items of Interest Dished Up in Brief for the Benefit of Our Readers.

Get your Saws. Filed opposite the Cottage Bakery, by W. J. Sully.

There is talk of organizing a literary and musical club among the ladies of the city.

Attorney M. J. Cochran was a welcome caller at the News office Monday. Call again.

Fresh goods and a full supply of vegetables just received by the Hunt Grocery Co., at 322 Front street.

The Victorian is soon to make a second attempt to get to St. Michaels. She is now being put in shape for the trip.

Marshall, the village blacksmith, is protecting his residence by the construction of a substantial sea wall.

The Eureka Brewery building has been lowered to the level of the sidewalk, which is a decided improvement.

Mr. Calvert, of Seattle, went down on the Topeka last Sunday. He is just out from Dawson. He will probably return in the fall.

The paint on the Cassiar looms up in fine shape, and adds to the appearance of that part of the city. The Cassiar boys are full of pluck and enterprise.

The Casca returned from up the river last week and tied up at the Davidge wharf. She was gone several days and it looked lonesome at the dock without her.

John Considine, the notorious and irreverend John, went up on the Cottage City last Saturday, on his way to Dawson. We hope he will come back with a barrel full of gold.

Let every lady in Wrangel who is willing to assist in raising funds for the improvement of the walks leading up to the church, come out to-morrow afternoon to the meeting of The Ladies Aid Society, at Mrs. Thomas' home, at 2:30 p. m.

Deputy U. S. Surveyor Conrad did Capt. Gray's fishing party a nice favor the first of the week by towing them to Dolly Varden point with his steam launch Margaret. The members of the party felt very grateful to Mr. Conrad for his kindness.

Fifty-five men, women and children attended Sunday school last Sunday afternoon at the Presbyterian church. Elijah's ascension in the presence of Elisha proved to be a very interesting lesson for the Bible class that was taught by Rev. A. Stark.

Judge Jackson left the city last Monday on a hunting expedition. If he can find game as well as he does the true intent and spirit of the law in the hearing of cases, he will come home over loaded with deer, bear, seals, mountain lions, goats, minks and wildcats.

Miss Pearl, of Seattle, was a passenger on the Cottage City last Saturday. She is a former Alaskan, having resided at Sitka and Juneau. Miss Pearl is an expert stenographer and typewriter, and for several years has been in the employ of Attorney Bestwick.

Papers were served last Monday on the Barnes Bros. in an action commenced by Mrs. Thomas to recover some fifteen hundred dollars, on some promissory notes. An attachment order was issued with the summons and some valuable city property was levied upon by Deputy Marshal Grant. It is said the amount sued for is borrowed money.

Rev. Dr. Pickles of Tacoma, preached a very able sermon to a large audience in Dr. Thwing's church, last Sunday evening. He also preached at the Opera house last evening. He is here in the interest of the Methodist Episcopal church, and from present indications there will probably be a large number of members of that denomination found in Wrangel.

To morrow morning at 10 o'clock Judge Jackson will hear the case of Dr. Lapsley vs. Jake Johnson, an action that was commenced to recover a \$92.00 doctor bill. Both sides have lawyers, and it is said the fight will be for all there is in it, on both sides. Johnson, the defendant, is an Indian. Clark & Ingersoll are plaintiff's lawyers and Judge Sundmacher and A. G. McBride will fight for Jake.

### They Danced.

Between five and six of us boys sought out in the Meltonon Hall last Thursday night for the purpose of engaging in the most pleasing act of dancing. The preparations had been carefully made, for everything seemed to be just right for the enjoyment of those present. The music was furnished by Robert Wigg and Sam Garrett with a violin and guitar and was first-class. C. E. Merrill did the calling and that couldn't be beat. Three sets danced at a time in the square dances. Here, like every other place where people will shake their feet, the round dances are the most popular and the announcement of a waltz fills the floor to its fullest capacity. Waltzing has always been popular, but that sweet, cute little minuet, is dead certain to become a strong rival. The waltzers with their arms affectionately entwined around each other's bodies, gliding first to the right, then to the left, with a grace and ease so beautiful, is surely a sight that pleases the eye. To see a tall man waltzing with a short woman, when his long arms are fastened around her neck and her beautiful little hands and arms won't reach around him—not even where the court plaster is usually worn—is a sight that is just the opposite, and then there are others who will insist on that everlasting hop, skip and jump that never had a place in the heart of a true waltzer, so that while waltzing has been the most popular dance, it is being abandoned, and one sees so much in its bad execution in every ball room that really, the sight becomes painful, but the minuet is something altogether different. The dancers separate—unloosen the death-like grip in which the poor, delicate female waltzer is held from start to finish. They twist and turn and make the most graceful bows to each other—in fact every move is accomplished with grace and ease. Then again, they don't hurry so much as they do in waltzing, they seem to have plenty of time and to spare and when that picture-scepe bow takes place, the couple smile at each other so pleasantly, as much as to say, "you sweet thing, ain't we doing this nice?" Of course there are other dances, such as the polka for instance. It ought to be wiped off the face of the earth, while the schottische is but a trifle less desirable, but then what will please one may not another, so that each dance will have its friends and admirers.

Mr. Corbett has gone south, but we hope not to remain permanently.

The Monte Cristo, Frank Murray captain, goes up the river today.

Sergeant Glover, of the Alaska militia, has what he thinks is a valuable mining claim.

Rev. A. Stark made the News office a pleasant call today. Come again. All are welcome.

Mr. Wilson received a letter from Robert Ready who reports progress on the water works.

Clark and James write from the Ketchikan country to Mr. Bullock that they have secured two good claims.

Mr. J. Kennedy goes up the Stikine today on the Monte Cristo to bring down a river boat that has been tied up at Glenora.

The fine excursion steamer Cottage City, came into port last Saturday afternoon, with a large list of passengers bound for the north.

Mr. W. Byers, just down from Telegraph Creek, says 125 men are at work on the lake Teslin trail and that 85 miles have been put in good condition.

Mr. Strickland, of Victoria, manager of the Klondike Mining, Trading and Transport Co., is in the city adjusting some claims against his corporation, upon which action had been commenced.

Dr. V. McAlpin wishes to announce to the public that he is prepared to do all kinds of Dental work as well as any one on the Pacific coast and at prices just as reasonable. No Boom Prices, but compatible with the existing conditions. Thirty Years Experience. Give him a call.

"I must have you leave the News at my house," said a north end resident to the writer last Monday. He was a man of family and knows a good paper when he sees it. Yes, the News should be taken by every resident and soon such will be the case. Men want it, but women and children cry for it.

Dr. Dacy's waltzing was all right.

His bow in the minuet was a charmer—a paridyzer as it were.

Mr. Deppe and Miss Nelson waltzed with unusual grace and smoothness.

NOTES.

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Mrs. Deppe and Miss Nelson waltzed with unusual grace and smoothness.

NOTES.

Mrs. Webster's presence is always ap-

preciated at a Fort Wrangel gathering.

First place is accorded her as a social leader.

NOTES.

Mrs. Lindsey's grand right and left

nearly scared Walton out of his wits.

Poor boy, he is young yet.

NOTES.

Miss McIntyre did not participate in

the dance, but her presence was direct-

ed to social conversation.

NOTES.

Mrs. McKinnon was there for a short

time, and as jolly and good natured as

ever.

NOTES.

Henry Drum, in his quiet, easy way,

managed to extract plenty of good,

solid fun out of the dance.

NOTES.

Miss Keefe is always at the dance

and a great favorite too. She is one of

the most graceful dancers in the city.

NOTES.

Hardack Stationery.

Miss Aloise Bates, of Portsmouth,

Va., has received a letter which is easy

to read, mark and learn, but not easy to

digest. It is from her brother, Archie

C. Bates, a member of the Lee Rifles,

now a company Fourth Virginia Volun-

teers, at present in camp at Jackson-

ville. It is written with pen and ink

upon an ordinary two-column hard-

tack cracker, and came in the open

mail with a stamp affixed just as a pos-

tal card would. It was unbroken when

received, not a chip appearing in its

edges. On one side was written the

usual request to return if undelivered

after ten days, and the address. On

the other side is a short letter in which

the writer said that paper was scarce

at Camp Cuba Libre when the letter

was written, on the Fourth of July.

NOTES.

For Sale or Trade.

Thirty acres of land in Spokane

county, Wash., about three and a half

miles from the city of Spokane, for

Fort Wrangel improved property.

E. C. DIEL.

# FORT WRANGEL

## ALASKA

### A Growing Young City,

### Great Natural Resources

On same latitude of Glasgow, Edinburgh, Copenhagen, Riga, Moscow and Tobolsk, and south of the great Cities of St. Petersburg and Archangel.

Wrangel is the center of an inhabitable area of 45,000 square miles rich in Timber, Fish, Coal, Petroleum, Furs, Game, Cereals, Vegetables, Small Fruits, Marble, Building Stone, Gold, Silver, Lead, Iron, Copper and Sulphur.

The climate of Southeastern Alaska is comparatively mild, being influenced by the Great Japanese Current, and is much the same as the British Isles under the Gulf Stream

Transportation facilities are regular Steamship lines with the United States and Canada.

The new land law gives each settler eighty acres.

The harbor is safe, deep and commodious, is at the mouth of Stikine river, navigable for 150 miles into the Cassiar District.

If you are interested in Southeastern Alaska, the Twenty-Five Thousand Club can give you valuable information.

For any specific information as to Land, Settlements, Manufactures, Mines, &c., &c.,

### Address

G. W. KENNEDY,

Sec'y Twenty-Five Thousand Club,

Fort Wrangel, Alaska.

## FORT WRANGEL NEWS.

McBRIDE & HENSHAW, Publishers.

FORT WRANGEL . . . . . ALASKA

The Klondike excitement seems to have been lost in the shuffle.

Spain is now meeting some most crushing defeats in the American theater.

If American brevity can abbreviate "ultimo" into ult., why can't "ultimo" be shortened into ult.?

Was it really necessary for the Nashville's crew to board the *Buena Ventura*? She was loaded with lumber.

In contact with Cuba's Spain saw only one, but when it ran against America's flag it necessarily saw more stars.

When it comes to drawing on their imaginations some war correspondents know no check. They simply use large drafts.

By taking her cue from that ultimatum Spain practically wanted to convey the impression she'd fight from the word "go."

A clergyman asserted in a sermon the other day that "there are only eleven or twelve real ideals in the world." That isn't one of them.

It is natural that things should get high during war times, hence there is no need of surprise at the fact that Uncle Sam has got his back up.

In its list of things proper for soldiers to take into the field, the Army and Navy Journal names "tape, black and white." Heads of departments have a corner on all the red tape.

A Cuban war correspondent finds time to tell about a Spanish girl in Havana whose "eyes rest upon you and follow you—large, dark and beaming, half-closed with long lids and lashes." On to Havana!

A Japanese has carved a wooden statue of himself so lifelike that when placed side by side it is absolutely impossible to tell which is which. There are lots of men in this country who think like a wooden man.

Verdi, the composer, has founded a home in Milan for superannuated singers. The great trouble he will have filling it is the refusal on the part of singers to admit that they are superannuated before the audience becomes so.

The Spanish peasant works every day and dances half the night, and yet eats only his black bread, onion and watermelon. The Smyrna porter eats only a little fruit and some olives, yet he carries with ease his load of 200 pounds.

A little good out of a great evil is the increase of geographical knowledge brought about by every war or war scare. Multitudes of people have learned more about the West Indies, the Canaries, the Cape Verde Islands and other regions within the last few weeks than they ever knew before since the days when, with the omniscience of youth, they knew it all.

To speak of the United States as an unwarlike nation is nonsense. We do not keep vast standing armies, but our people spring to arms when there is need with an alacrity that shows a strong and virile character that aspires with good reason to the hegemony of the world. To speak of a dominant and indomitable people such as ours as unwarlike is to commit an outrage upon language.

It is said that a rolling stone gathers no moss. As a matter of fact it is the rolling stone that keeps the world on the move. The man who sits down in the spot where he happens to find himself and sees to gathering moss contributes nothing to the bustle, the activity, the well-directed energy that goes to make the prosperity of a country. Inventions, discoveries, commerce, science, art and literature get no assistance from the stone that never rolls. It is the rolling stone that discovers, invents, produces.

A St. Louis physician, who is a confirmed old bachelor, has started out to reform the habit that obtains of dressing babies in long clothes. He says that it is necessary for the proper development of babies that they should have plenty of leg room in which to kick. The St. Louis doctor is no doubt right. This thing of beginning at the very start in life to deprive a free American citizen of the right to kick is in violation of the principle of republican government, and should have an end put to it.

A. J. Balfour has grown anxious lest the novelist run out of material, and wants to know where new material is to come from. For our part we should not be at all distressed if they would run out for a while, so that we might have time to catch up with what they have been writing in the last ten years.

And even if they failed for fifty years to find any more material we could do pretty well by reading Scott and Dickens and Thackeray and Hugo. Then there is the further reason for not worrying, Mr. Balfour, that the great majority of the novelists don't use new material anyway.

Of the fifty-two newspapers in Paris only three—Rochefort's, Clemenceau's and Zola's, and the Socialists'—are favorable to the United States. The secret of the enmity of the other forty-nine is to be found in their corrupt character. Zola, in his recent powerful novel "Paris," has shown up the rottenness of these papers in a trenchant manner and displayed an intimate knowledge of all the ins and outs of the transactions growing out of the Panama scandal, which in his work figures as an African railroad scandal. The same influences are at work now. These papers have been bought up by the Spanish bondholders as they were then by the Panama stockholders. They are never known to advocate any cause for which they are not paid.

There are twenty-three States which maintain Railroad Commissioners, to which Louisiana will be added when its new constitution goes into effect. Of these all have three commissioners apiece, except Wisconsin, Ohio, Virginia, and Rhode Island, each of which has one. A recent report shows that the total expenses of the New York commission are nearly twice as great as those of any other State, amounting to \$733,325 per annum, of which \$24,000 or \$8,000 apiece is for the salaries of the three commissioners. Other States, in the order of their expenditures, are as follows: Texas, \$30,750; Massachusetts, \$27,430; Illinois, \$23,200. Rhode Island has the lowest aggregate of expenditures, amounting to \$1,21, of which only \$21 is outside of the salary list. In every instance much the largest proportion of the expenditures is on account of the salaries of the commissioners and their employees, the outside expenses in Illinois being the largest, amounting to \$6,480. Massachusetts comes next with \$4,042 on account of miscellaneous expenses; South Dakota third, with \$4,000; and New York fourth, with \$4,425. The salary list of Illinois aggregates \$16,720, of which \$10,500 goes to the three commissioners. Pennsylvania, although the second State in the Union in railway mileage—coming next to Illinois—has no railway commission.

Unlike the German Emperor, Queen Victoria does not have a fresh scrapbook filled with newspaper clippings to read every morning over her coffee. The newspapers are, however, read for her benefit, and she has means of knowing whenever anything unpleasant is said about any member of the royal family.

This is the one subject on which she is sensitive. She never has cause to resent anything that is said about herself. She commands the respect, affection and loyal devotion of all her subjects. Nothing unkind or disrespectful is ever seen in print about the Queen. Sometimes a critical remark is hazarded in Parliament about a royal duke connected with the army. The Queen at once hears of it and calls the attention of the prime minister to it, asking him to ascertain on what authority the statement has been made. The prime minister forwards the letter to the war office. The Secretary for War sends a letter to the offending member of Parliament, asking for information for the benefit of the sovereign. The member is called to account, and makes such explanation as he considers necessary. His letter goes from the war office to the prime minister and the Queen receives in due time what is virtually an expression of regret for an indiscreet comment upon the conduct of a member of her family. No public man likes to be called to account in this way.

"Well, 'It,'" he said, "you are in a bad fix. You never had any other name."

"But isn't your name 'Brother' and nothing else?"

"No, I've been christened James besides."

"James?" I queried. "I thought that was father's name."

"And it's my name, too—James Johnson."

Then for the first time I learned that "Brother's" name was James, that "Sis" had been christened Cordelia, and that "Babe, the Infringer," was Andrew in the baptismal record. Only poor little, slighted me was "It" and nothing more.

"Brother" made matters clear to the teacher, and she laughingly inscribed the name of "It" Johnson upon the big roll book of the school.

I passed through my school days as "It." Then, tired of book learning, I went to work in a shoe factory. "Brother" was a teamster now, like father. "Sis" was married and lived



## + "IT." +

I WAS called "It." Try as I would, I could find no patron saint in the calendar who answered to that name, and there was really no excuse for "it" but the negligence of the Johnson family to christen its children. They bestirred themselves early only in the case of my elder sister, who was named Maggie. Even I, the youngest of a batch of five, never knew the second child, a boy, by any other name than "Brother." Then came "Sis," the third, and "Babe," another boy, and finally I the last of the Johnson brood. "It" rang in my body ears long before I knew what was meant. I suppose that being the real baby it would have caused confusion in the household, where there was already a "Babe," and so they substituted "It," for that was my title by right of succession.

I never knew my mother. She died soon after I opened my blue eyes to the world. Perhaps if she had lived my nomenclature would not have been so slightly treated. Maggie, the eldest, a quiet, faithful girl, took charge of us at mother's death.

Father was a teamster and away all day from the little family, for whom he provided generously out of his slender earnings. He, too, called me "It" when he took me in his lap and rubbed his harsh, stubble beard over my baby cheeks or pinched my little fists with his big, horny fingers. Maggie gave me a mother's care, as she did the other children, and I had really no trouble about my incomplete name until I went to school for the first time.

"Your name is what?" asked the teacher, when my turn came in a long line, stretching from the foot of her desk to the last bench in the room.

"It" Johnson," I answered promptly.

"'It' Johnson?" she repeated, with a doubting shake of the head. "Little girl, you must have forgotten your name."

"No," I gasped, for a lump in my throat almost choked me. To be the first in the whole room who had any difficulty about her name was mortifying even to a little 6-year-old.

"Have you any brothers or sisters in this school?"

"Yes, my big brother is in No. 3."

"Go upstairs and bring him down to me."

I trundled off, perplexed, to find "Brother." Up to the top floor I climbed and soon espied him in a front seat of Room No. 3, the door of which stood wide open. He answered the summons of my vigorously beckoning finger and I confided to him the dilemma I was in about my name.

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"YOUR NAME IS WHAT?" ASKED THE TEACHER.

In the country, "Babe" had run away to enlist in the army, and there was nobody home but father and Maggie and me, for James was boarding in another part of the city, where most of his hauling had to be done.

I hadn't been in the factory long when the old phrase "you're it" was revived on the vaudeville stage, and, of course, the young men about the

place teased me by applying it to me, a real "It," and "It" from her birth to her sixteenth year.

"You're it," they shouted as they came up with me in the street. "You're it," said their mischievous eyes as I entered the shop and passed the foreman to go to my table. The foreman was strict and permitted no noisy conduct inside the factory. He was a serious-looking man, with a young face but the mien of one beyond his years. He called each girl by name as he passed out the work and told her what to do. "Mollie! Rosina! Gertie! Becky! Annie! You!" he said when my turn came.

"Her name is 'It,'" said a saucy miss who stood close by.

The foreman shot a forbidden glance at her, then looked rather pityingly upon me. "You," he replied, "measure these vamps and make sure that they all tally with the sample." And "you" I remained to Joe Parkinson, the foreman, for weeks—months.

The factory hands all called me "It." I was "It" at home to father and Maggie. But, somehow, there was nothing gallant in it any more so long as Mr. Parkinson refrained from using the family slight.

I had always been a frail young thing, though not ill, and the foreman gave me the lightest tasks. Otherwise he showed me no favoritism. I paid my fine when late, the same as the rest, and if I made a blunder I paid for the damage. Withal, I felt sure that Mr. Parkinson liked me the best of all, and my little heart, craving affection and only too ready to give it, went out to him in the first flush of awakening womanhood.

He must have read it in my eyes, for his glances grew warm when he spoke to me, and his hands often lingered around mine as he placed the work in my outstretched arms. The girls at my table were all friendly but one. Somehow a silent antagonism had sprung up from the first between Rosina Freoll and me. Rosina was of Italian descent,



AS HE PLACED THE WORK IN MY OUTSTRETCHED ARMS.

a buxom, crimson-cheeked girl, with a voluptuous figure, and a well-posed, vain little head. She was of a quarrelsome and jealous disposition, feared by the girls and relentlessly pursued by the young men with admiring glances, impudent innuendoes in compliment to her beauty and invitations to all the parties in the cheap dancing halls of the town. To all of these Rosina went, and often more than once a week she was fined for being tardy the morning after. She stood her punishment with a saucy smile, for she knew her beau of the evening would make good her financial loss.

Aware of Mr. Parkinson's hobby for promptness, I had been invariably on time. One night Maggie was taken ill. I nursed her till daybreak. Then I fell into a sound sleep at the foot of the bed, and was awakened only by my sister's anxious cry that it was long past rising time. I hurried away without a morsel of breakfast and reached the factory just three minutes late. Mr. Parkinson stood at the desk, noting my time.

"My sister was ill all night," I stammered, blushing to the roots of my hair. He must have read in my eyes the penitence expressed for having crossed him in his efforts to promote promptness.

"All right, little girl," he said, with a kindly glance from his handsome brown eyes. "I'll forgive you this time."

As I turned to go to my place I saw Rosina at my elbow. She had heard the foreman's remark. An evil expression spread over her darkly beautiful countenance. All day she pursued me with her jealous, grudging eyes. At noon she held a confab with three of her stanchest admirers and their sneering faces, bent upon me, boded me no good.

"You'd better go home early," advised Becky, my particular chum. "Tell him that your sister is too sick to get supper, and hurry away from

here before closing time. They mean mischief, sure!" I dared not offend a second time by losing a quarter of an hour at the busiest season of the year, so I stayed until the gong announced the close of the day. Becky and I were not more than half a block from the shop when Rosina and her noisy escorts came toward us from the middle of the street.

"There goes 'It'! Joe Parkinson's 'It'! I'll pay de fine! There it goes!" And the rest of the quartet picked up a handful of mud and plastered my back with it. I turned to run back to the factory, when out of the darkness the arm of a man shot squarely into my assailant's face.

"The foreman knocked 'em down!" whispered the excited Becky. "I'm glad of it!" And we took to our heels and made good time in getting home.

As I crept into my bed that night the sweet thought that he had defended me kept me awake many hours. When I slipped into dreamland at last it was with his face bending over me, his lips whispering that he loved me, me—poor, nameless, insignificant "It."

Next morning I hurried to the factory long before the opening hour to thank him for his gallant defense. To



THE FOREMAN KNOCKED HIM DOWN.

my utter dismay a stranger was at his desk. I gave him my number and passed on. Soon the other girls arrived in groups of two and three. Their faces were grave and they seemed to discuss with subdued voices a calamity.

"What has happened?" I gasped, filled with anxious forebodings.

"Mr. Parkinson's been arrested," said Becky. The blow he dealt the scamp who insulted me was more effective than he had meant. The fellow was lying unconscious at his home. It was even feared that his injuries would result in death. His two companions had sworn out a warrant against the foreman. Neither they nor Rosina made their appearance at the shop that day.

Even now I cannot bear to dwell on the miserable days that followed. Joe Parkinson languished in prison, while the victim of his gallantry slowly recovered. I went to him with a breaking heart. He stretched out his hands through the bars and drew me towards him until he kissed my forehead. I was a woman at last, and my cup of love and suffering was full.

"I can bear it all, little one," he said, manfully. "It was all for you!"

He was acquitted at the trial. On the day of his release we were quietly married, and that night he left me to go to the far West and commence life again.

It did not take him long to get a start, and I soon joined him in the cozy little home he had prepared for me.

"You!" he cried, as in the days of old. Only now he clasped me in his arms and kissed me. "Little wife!" he added.

And it was "It" no longer.

**Livingstone's Old Coat.**  
The Charterhouse school contains a relic of Livingstone, presented to the institution by Bishop Maples. The relic is the old, tattered coat given by Livingstone in the course of his last journey to one of his native followers. The native gave it many years after, to Bishop Maples. The bishop gave an account of the incident. The native African, he writes, described Livingstone:

"A short man, with a bushy mustache and a keen, piercing eye, whose words were always kind, whom as a leader it was a privilege to follow, and who knew the way to the hearts of all men. . . . Then he showed me the coat: it was ragged now, he knew, but he had kept it those ten years in memory of the giver, from whom it had been a legacy when they parted at Mataba's. To no one but an Englishman would he part with it, but he let me have it as one of Livingstone's brothers (the said), and it now lies in the museum at Charterhouse school."

—London Daily News.

**Fall of an Aerolite.**  
At Delhi, N. Y., an aerolite recently fell as a ball

## DANGEROUS POST IN BATTLE.

Men in "Fighting Tops" Are in a Position of Extreme Peril.

The men in the greatest danger during a naval engagement are those stationed in the military masts or "fighting tops" of the big ships. It is a position of extreme peril. The men stationed there play hide and seek with death during a battle. Exposed to the fire of the enemy with but little protection, the chances of their again reaching the deck below are extremely slim. There are slight barbettes behind which the men crouch while loading and firing their guns, but these are of but little practical use in warding off the fire of the enemy, and the smoke and heat of battle rising in the air make the situation even more disagreeable.

Masts are not used on a modern battle ship to support sails, but as stations for fighting and to display signals. Fighters were stationed in the tops long before steam supplanted sails. It was a shot from the mizzen top of the *Re-doubtable* that put an end to Nelson's life in the moment of victory. Long before that they were used as a station for marksmen. The sailor nowadays doesn't have to climb the mast. It is of steel, not wood, and of great diameter. Access to the fighting tops is gained from the interior. In the same way ammunition is passed up to the men who are doing the fighting in the dangerous station.

These masts vary greatly in construction, some ships indeed being without them, and on others they are mere signal poles. But on the big battle ships they are elaborate affairs. Some are equipped with an upper top for the electric light, a peculiarly shaped edifice below to enable three quick-firing guns to be discharged right ahead, and a species of conning tower below, from which the captain can oversee the smoke clouds, and thus see to direct the movements of his ship in action. This conning tower is not always present, but all the battle ships have three or six pounder rapid fire guns, and electric light projectors, and one or two lighter machine guns in addition. These guns are supported by expert gunners.

**Resarto**, a schooner, and from four other vessels form the colony on the Son Morse Islands. They were the ships caught in the "young ice" off Point Barrow.

When the ships' crews had been rescued from the ice that crushed the vessels, when the provisions had with infinite labor been transported to the island.



VILLAGE ON THE ICE.

and where the men had to live; when the wood and the sails left from the wrecks had been built into huts for the 300 men who had been wrecked, Tilton started for civilization.

He had to kill some of his dogs for food, and he had to quench his thirst by melting his lips with a little snow. He had two guides, an Eskimo and his wife. Coming over the glaciers, the two had to be lashed together to avoid being separated in the blizzards. Three times Tilton was all but frozen, but the vigorous action of the Eskimo saved him. It took him nearly five months to reach St. Michael, where he met Lieut. Jarvis, of the relief expedition.

### A Dawson City Idyll.

A Dawson City mining man lay dying on the ice. He didn't have a woman nurse—he didn't have the price. But a comrade knelt beside him, as the sun sank in repose. To listen to his dying words and watch him while he trots. The dying man propped up his head above four rods of snow, And said, "I never saw it thaw at ninety-eight below." Send this little pinhead nugget that I swiped from Jason Dills To my home, you know, at Deadwood, at Deadwood in the hills.

"Tell my friends and tell my enemies, If you ever reach the East, That this Dawson City region is no place for man or beast; That the land's too elevated and the wind too awful cold, And the hills of South Dakota yield as good a grade of gold; Tell my sweetheart not to worry with a sorrow too intense, For I'm going to a warmer and a far more cheery home. Oh! the air is growing thicker, and those breezes give me chills. Gee, I wish I was in Deadwood, in Deadwood in the hills."

"Tell the fellows in the house land to remain and have a clack, That the price of patent perhaps here is eighty cents an inch, That I speak as one who's been here scratching 'round to find the gold, And at 10 per cent of discount I could not buy up cold. Now, solong," he faintly whispered; "I have told you what to do." And he closed his weary eyelids and froze solid p. d. n. His friends procured an organ box and c. o. d. the bills, And sent the miner home that night to Deadwood in the hills. —Deadwood Pioneer.

### Dramatist Gilbert's Joke.

The following smart example of repartee is attributed to W. S. Gilbert. The dramatist was at an evening party, and chanced to be standing bare-headed in the hall, when a guest, departing in a hurry, mistook him for a waiter. "Call me a four-wheeler, will you," said he.

"Sir," replied the ready author of "The Mikado" and a round dozen other operas, "you are a four-wheeler."

The guest was startled by this reply. "Why," he exclaimed, "what the—"

But Mr. Gilbert interrupted him with an elaborate pretense at apology. "I couldn't call you hansom, you know, could I?"

### Ancient Scales Discovered.

A pair of scales much like those of the modern pharmacists is among the multitude of objects discovered this year in excavations about thirty miles from Thebes and recently exhibited in London. The scales are finely finished, having a beam about four and one-half inches long, with a ring at each end of the three cords, and the pans, about the size of an English penny, are slightly convex.

### Wool from Persia.

Persian wool is going to Russia, France and the United States. Our import of that commodity is made via Marseilles. A small portion only of that clipped from the millions of sheep in the country is used there, and that goes for manufacture of carpets. The chief centers of carpet manufacture are Suntanabad, Korassan, Chiraz and Kurdistan, one house in Suntanabad employing more than 10,000 workmen.

"Clara," said the mother of a little 5-year-old miss, who was entertaining a couple of neighboring girls of her own age, "why don't you play something instead of sitting still and looking miserable?" "Why, mamma, we is playin'," was the reply; "we's playin' that we's grown-up women's."—Montreal Herald



BATTLESHIP'S MILITARY MAST.

and in every battle they do effective work in clearing the guns, sweeping the decks and superstructures, and picking off the officers and leading men.

It is hazardous work. There is an overhead shield, but these and the barbettes give protection more hazardous than real. There is not much danger of the mast falling, for it would take a well-directed shot with a big projectile to bring it down. But if it did fall there would be a great crash and the damage would be great. It would be rough on the men in the tops, who would come tumbling down to certain death. Yet even if the masts do not come down, the men are in a dangerous position, being living targets for shot and shell. The thin plating affords protection against a rifle bullet, but anything larger would pierce it and end the lives of the men behind the barbette.

### WAITING FOR RELIEF.

Whaler Officer Travels 2,000 Miles to Bring Aid to Arctic Colony.

George Tilton, third officer of the steam whaler *Belvidere*, traveled 2,000 miles over snow and ice to bring aid to an Arctic colony. His companions and the crews of the *Orea*, a steam whaler, the *J. H. Freeman*, a steamer, and the

## CARS MADE CLEAN WITH WIND.

Pneumatic Device Used in Santa Fe Yards in Chicago.

If the average housekeeper who has had more or less unpleasant experience with the old-fashioned broom could drop down into the Santa Fe yards, at 17th street, almost any morning she would behold a sight that would set her wild with envy. She would be astonished by a performance that she might think little short of miraculous. She would see a man walking up and down a strip of carpet at the side of a Pullman palace car and accomplishing a feat apparently far beyond the masterpiece of the greatest prestidigitator, to her way of thinking. The man might point out what the woman would call "a long stick with a broad end" at the carpet and straightway dust would fly from the surface in immense clouds—at least it would if there was any dust in the carpet.

This peculiar and interesting operation has been going on down in the Santa Fe yards for nearly two years, but it is nevertheless almost unknown. What the housekeeper would call a long stick with a broad end is an iron pipe with a spreading brass nozzle through which compressed air rushes under a pressure of seventy pounds to the square inch. The upper end of the pipe is inserted in rubber hose which leads from an air-compressing machine. The workman takes in hand the pipe, which is between four and five feet in length, and, placing the brass nozzle within an inch of the surface of the carpet, he walks down its length passing the instrument over every square inch of the carpet. The brass nozzle is about three inches wide, and a narrow aperture through which the air escapes extends from one side to the other. This aperture is almost as long as the nozzle is wide, but it is only about one-fourth of an inch in width. The air escapes with such force that wherever it strikes the carpet the dust is blown out so cleanly that a professional carpet beater would find it impossible to extract another particle.

The unique device is used not only to clean the carpets outside of the cars, but to clean the entire interiors of the cars as well. For the interiors a smaller pipe and nozzle are used and a longer hose is attached. The workman passes around the inside of the car pointing the nozzle at every spot which he wishes to cleanse. He doesn't have to point it long at any one spot before the air has effectively cleared the surface of all dirt that is loose.

There is no patent on the invention, which seems to have been perfected by a process of evolution. Anybody who has the desire and the money to pay for the machinery has the contrivance at his disposal. It is now used in several of the railroad yards of the city and has proved universally satisfactory. The device is especially excellent for the removal of dust and dirt from corners and crevices which cannot well be reached with a broom. The air can, of course, be thrown into any place into which dust can drift and the dirt be blown out without the least difficulty. In sleeping cars there are many places in which the compressed air system is found to be a great improvement over old methods. The cleaning of the upper berths was always accomplished with much trouble until the air contrivance was adopted, but since then the work has been done with ease and dispatch. The workman simply pulls down the berth, and, reaching in with his pipe, he pokes about in every nook and corner until he can no longer blow any dust from the berth. Then he knows it is clean and he passes to the next one. All of the upholstery, as well as the floor, ceiling, etc., is, of course, cleaned more easily than the berths.

The cleaning can be done at practically any distance from the air-compressing machine. A long line of hose leads from the machine, or, perhaps, more often the compressed air is carried in from pipes to the various points where the cars are brought to be cleaned. The rubber hose is then attached to the pipe line near the car and the air turned on.

A stopcock on the pipe line controls the passage of the air into the hose and another at the top of the four-foot pipe controls its exit from the nozzle. The hose is always long enough to permit a workman to walk the entire length of a palace car.—Chicago Chronicle.

### The Etiquette of It.

An escaped criminal who had killed a friend in a quarrel wrote home from a distant city:

"Dear Tom—Tell the guvner of he'll pardon me I'll come home an' surrender."

The "Tom" referred to was his brother, who replied as follows:

"Dear Bill—I understand that the governor is on a visit to your city at this writin'. You'd better call on him, send up yer card an' interview him yerself."

The above brought this unique response by postal card:

"Dear Tom—I ain't callin' this year. It wouldn't be etiquette, seein' as I'm in mournin' for the friend I killed!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

### America's Oyster Product.

Of the 35,000,000 bushels of oysters consumed throughout the world every year, this country supplies 30,000,000 bushels.

## A FUNNY OLD TOWN.

Some of the Many Amusing Features of Key West.

Key West is one of the oldest and funniest towns in the United States. It is made up of innumerable little wooden houses without chimneys, but crowded in irregular groups. Many of the houses have wooden shutters in place of glass windows. On most of the streets there are no sidewalks, but people stumble over the jagged edges of coral rock. The natives who wear shoes ride in carriages. There are a great number of public vehicles, and one can be haled at any corner and engaged for 10 cents. Some of these carriages are quite respectable in appearance. They are generally double-seated affairs which have been discarded in the North. The horses are wrecks and they show by their appearance that fodder is dear and that they are not half fed. One of the sounds of Key West is the whacking of the horses which draw the carriages and the mules which move the street cars from place to place. The street cars look as if they had been dug up from the neighborhood of the pyramids. Ropes are used for reins and the only substantial thing about the whole outfit is the great rawhide whip, with which the street car driver labors incessantly. The people, as a rule, are opposed to excessive exertion, but they make an exception in the case of labor with a whip.

The town has one struggling newspaper, which is worthy of a better support. The climate, of which much has been written, is too good to be wasted, and there are traditions against excessive mental effort by either the makers or the readers of newspapers. Hundreds of dogs, cats, roosters, goats and "razorbacks" run at large through the streets, and the three former combine to make the night hideous. In the early evening the sound of negro meetings and jubilees predominates. Then the cats begin where the shouters leave

and opinions, of the old school. His elaborate courtesy was of the elegant, "palavering" antique sort, and it kept his head above water in times when other old-school fellows went to the bottom.

It was not many years ago that Monsieur Daunassans was prefect of a department and stationed at an important provincial town. Just at that time a very radical ministry came into power—an ultra-republican government, which announced its intention to turn all conservative and "reactionist" functionaries out of office. The Minister of the Interior was a particularly violent radical, with no bowels of compassion for any who were suspected of monarchial opinions.

One of the first functionaries selected for sacrifice was Monsieur Daunassans. It happened, however, that his conservative opinions were not so strenuously held as to incline him against holding office under a radical administration. When he was summoned to Paris for dismissal, he went to the cabinet of the minister with his hat in his hand and his most complaisant expression on his face.

"You are represented to me, sir," said the minister, "as hostile to our republican institutions."

Monsieur Daunassans bowed very low, in the most graceful style of the ancient gentility.

"I think, monsieur le ministre," he began, "that I may possibly prove myself worthy of your excellency's confidence. If I may be permitted to enter into certain details, it will be, I fancy, within my power to demonstrate to your excellency—"

It was the first time that the new minister had ever been called "Your excellency." He was a man who had sprung from the common people, and the phrase, coming from a man who seemed to know how to use it, was very pleasant to his ears. His manner softened perceptibly. Daunassans went on with a long and flattering speech



KEY WEST, FLORIDA.

in which he had very little to say about his own politics, but in which the words "your excellency" occurred a great many times.

After about three-quarters of an hour he came out of the minister's cabinet. He had been indeed removed from his prefecture, but he had been promoted to a better one! The minister's radical friends were furious. They went to him and said:

"What! You have promoted this man? Why, he is the most abominable of reactionists!"

"W-well," answered the minister, as if recalled to himself, "perhaps he's a reactionist but I tell you he's a mighty well-bred man!"

All of which goes to show—what the French have already found out to their sorrow—that it is hard to make a republic without republicans.—Youth's Companion.

### Murders the Oyster.

This is the wicked "borer" that has already murdered thousands of oysters in Long Island waters and threatened as many more. The oyster men call



THE BORER AT WORK.

the borers "drills" and say that they are a lucky pest for them since, with out the destruction they work, the oyster markets would be flooded and the business become unprofitable.

### Dat's My Lit' Boy.

Doan keer how be rompin' round—  
Fill de house wid toy;  
Le' 'm play en have his way;  
Dat's my lit' boy!

Go ter school twell holiday, —  
Wid his book en toy;  
Beats de lan', do teacher say,;  
Dat's my lit' boy!

Mammy gittin' ol'; I spec'  
Soon she'll miss de joy  
Er his e'ms eroun' her neck;  
Good-by, lit' boy!

—Chicago Times-Herald.

When people listen attentively to a story of a man's wrongs, it indicates that they are wondering what the other side of the story sounds like.

